

Epithalamium

VPON THE ALL-
DESIRED NVPTIALS

of FREDERIKE the fift, Prince Palatine of Rhene, chiefe Elector, Duke of Bauier, and Arch-Sewer to the Romane EMPIRE.



AND ELIZABETH,

The onely daughter of IAMES,
by the grace of God, King of great Brit-
taine, France and Ireland, Defender
of the FAITH, &c.

Written by AVGVSTINE TAYLOR

Illi poena datur, qui semper amat, nec amatur.



LONDON,

Printed for Samuel Rand, and are to bee sold by Edward
Marchant, at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, over
against the Crosse. 1613.

Epitaph

UPON THE ALTAR
DESIGNED BY

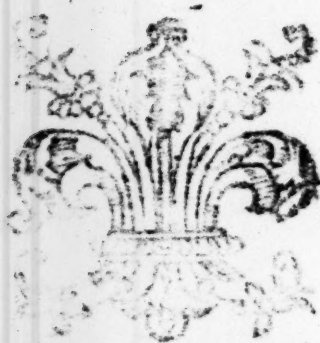
of the Duke of Rhine, Chief Elector, Duke
of Baviere, and Arch-Bishop of
the Roman Empire

AND ELIZABETH

The only daughter of
by the grace of God, King of Great
Brittain, France and Ireland, &c.

Written by A. & J. TAYLOR

Printed by A. & J. TAYLOR



LONDON

Printed by A. & J. TAYLOR
at the Great Court



TO THE HONO- GENTLEMAN, SIR

Thomas Gerrard of Brinne, Knight
Barronet, and one of his Maiesties Iustices
for the Countie of Lancaster, AVGVSTINE TAYLOR wisheth all prof-
perity in Happinesse.

Worthy Sir,



HE N all the excellent admi-
red wits of this so capable
Age, in the spring of thicke
furnitur'd inuentions, bestow
paines to giue my Patrons a per-
fect blazon, I willing to thrust
my dutifull loue into the Presse,
longing to see the shape of affe-
ction in Print; Credo vt est

dementia, Seeing so many swelling Muses, and of such
apprehension, that read theirs and mine next together,
and you will say, my ill worke makes their good labours
to appeare better then (indeed) they are. Vt sementem
feceris, ita & metes: Apply not that Rule to mee, but
right worthy Sir, of what I offer willingly, vouch
to accept courteously, as a Monument of my loue, which

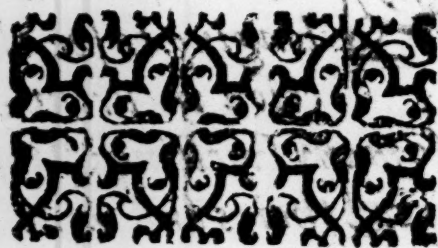
The Epistle Dedicatory.

time hath borne to the generous family of the Gerrards,
and my affection to your worthy selfe. Knowing you to
come from the best worth of that Aierie, and one of his
Maiesties respected, grace my ill-tempered Muse: and
having so worthy a refuge, you shall hereafter see it start
out of Cinders (vnus dies non sat est ad parandam eru-
ditionem) and live an age that ere-while waxt old with
a Sommers day. Vouch to allow of this, till time present
you with some greater token of my loue: I commit your
deseruing worthinesse to wished continuance.

Yours in loue and dutie,

AVOUSTINE TAYLOR

Volenti nihil est graue



Facile est imperare volenti.

O Would to God I had the Sun-hatch't wing;
A quill so worth to tell of banquetting:
Mine is so partcht in cinders of my wants,
Desert craues Vowels, Art giues Consonants.
One sence is sleeping, and that sence is muffled,
This sence is studying, that and all are ruffled:
Amazed, wakened, called, incompoused,
Moued, affected, gathered, indisclosed.
The perfect blazon true fame shall support,
Will tell how farre my Art is heere too short:
Were I but seated on the Muses mountaine,
To quaffe my quart of that ripe dropping fountaine,
Where *Tully* once wonne that immortall praise,
From that *Parnassus* fetcht his Romaine phrase:
Vnder that *Helicon* my Muse should sing,
Not altogether praise of *Englands* King, (bleed,
But in my notes Fames whispering breath should
Deseruing praises to his worthy seed.
You now must thinke I felt my wit but poore,
Inapt an howre, and ment to write no more.
Now apparitions, now good, and then bad,
I'll tell thee *England* of a dreame I had.
Suppose I sate vpon the Clifles of *Douer*,
(From flowery *Kent*) the Ocean to looke ouer.
When in a morning old *Aurora's* hue
Had clad the heauens in their ancient blew.
Night went so fast, and day appear'd so plaine,
The eies diseased of the Northerne waine:
Artipholax bluster'd in his muffled bed,
Pale *Luna* to the Westernne confines fled;

An Epithalamium.

White teames of mist ran stealing downe the riuers,
Eclipsed mansions now were craz'd in shiuers,
My greedy slumber thew'd my eies, me thought
Strange nouelties that cheerefull day had brought.
The first I gaz'd at, seem'd a rocke of stone,
Which Sea-gods (sometime) vs'd to sit vpon,
Incompast round with seas on euery side,
Fram'd like a seat; cast by the surly tide;
Whereon the fairest Lady was repos'd,
That euer Nature whilome had disclos'd,
Crown'd in all glory, made so fine and denty,
I saw one beauty, and in that one plenty.
If euer eye was summond to a feast,
My eyes were feasted, and my feast was best:
I thought *Marpeffa* in that princely Chaire
Had there repos'd her selfe to take the aire,
And sadly suited in a solemne cheere,
Did meane to stay her Lord and Louer there.
And *Idas* flow, in needy speed dispatching,
He yet was absent, and she yet was watching.
O how I curst him, (angry at delay)
Hard-hearted man to be so long away.
The day waxt elder, and the morne shew'd cleerer,
The heauens pittifull, sent the Sunne to cheere her.
Phæbus appear'd, cloth'd in his fair'st array,
As if prepar'd to suite a glorious day.
His radiant splendors scatter in the skyes,
Her faire perfections sparkle in mine eyes.
I was opinionate the world was done,
I thought the Gods had sent another Sunne.
Then it was so, by venturing, I came
Some paces neerer to this princely Dame.

When

An Epithalamium.

When I perceiu'd she was a mortall creature,
Compos'd in the perfect'st mould of Nature,
And in her hand she held a little frame,
With this deuice erected in her name.

DELPHAEA.

A branch in March, that dy'd to liue in Aprill.

Motto. *Mors emit vitam.*

Life weeps for death, death crownes a new life blest;
Thus, friends weep most, to know their friends at rest.
In this faire creature seated thus alone,
A thousand beauties were combin'd in one:
Her golden Tresses hang'd vncurl'd and ruff'd,
In a rich Night-gowne she was sadly muff'd.
O had I seene her suited in those rayes,
Which Courtly custome obserues now-a-dayes,
I could haue told yee neerer her great merit,
But ignorance must now a part inherit.
Your thoughts must censure, she was more thē faire,
(And being more, I cannot more declare)
And fit to adde a glory to the sky,
A mate (indeed) for maiesty to buy,
Crown'd with all graces, and to name in generall,
One beauty matchlesse, and in that one seuerall.
O had you seene her, how all beauties mou'd her,
You wold haue prais'd her, if you had not lou'd her.
Thus long I view'd her, ravisht more & more,
I turn'd my eyes to glance vpon the shore,
Where I espy'd a stranger sadly standing,
Waiting for shipping, as men do for landing.
Vpon *Delphebaes* seat his eyes were gazing,
I saw a scutchion by the sunnes bright blazing;
Telling his name, and ouer that was planted

An Epithalamium.

A faire deuise which no perfection wanted.

TORBINI VS.

A male Confessor to a female Priest.

Motto

Palam, voluntate.

Great men are often actors of oppression,
And she's the cause that I must make confession:
His eies gaz'd at *Delpheba* as before,
(So ship-wrackt sea-men vse to do at shore)
Afflicted, troubled, feared, and tormented,
Distemper'd, blubber'd, sad, and discontented,
Complaining, sorrowing, wishing, nothing gaining,
Sighing, bewailing, crauing, not obtaining,
Seeking for passage to *Delphebas* resting,
Vowing, affecting, calling, and protesting,
Vnto the Powers Diuine he plants prefers,
He had but one life and that was hers.
To raile on Nature then he doth beginne,
That she (vnkind) ordain'd him not to swimme:
To breake his passions *Phæbus* look't more cheerefully,
And smil'd as if hee lou'd a louer dectely,
And halfe resolu'd to let *Torbinus* passe,
From him to her, he shoves a bridge of glasse:
Composd in all parts pleasant to behold,
Fram'd by Diuine Art, wonders manifold,
Appear'd to gaze on, yet it seem'd so brittle,
The passage dangerous and the safety little;
But loue so forward in his owne attempts,
And mixes fowre harmes with fraile sweet contents,
Determines now, as men for women would do,
To win his loue, or try what venturing could do;
Engers the bridge with this rash resolution,
To die for loue, confirms the old conclusion,

And

An Epithalamium

And his boil'd humour in this sort doth cherish,
To passe the bridge, or in the midst to perish:
And being distant from the sandie side,
Some measur'd paces, *Neptune* sends the tide,
And summons fenny subiects to new broyles,
Collecting surges to maintaine new spoiles.
The howering windes tumbl'd from *Eolus* wombe,
And in the Ocean gan to digge their Tombe.
The *Titan* Esterne gates, perculiz'd, pale,
Erst calmes, now stormes, for gusts a bitter gale.
Nereus warn'd the Sea-gods to these warres,
And rul'd as Generall in these vpstart iarres.
Torbinus being on the bridge of glasse,
Look't downe and saw th'impatient billowes passe,
And with his dul cares, hard the deafe winds mūble,
And with his dim eyes saw the surges tumble.
One waue did caper, and that billow wonder'd,
This surge was angry, and that tempest thunder'd,
Aspiring, threatning death, or future ill,
Shaping, presenting accidents to kill.
A hurrying mist comes sudden stealing in,
Nor he, nor she, saw neither her nor him:
In this strange temper passionately distracted,
Torbinus now a sowre part sadly acted;
And all his griefes sprung, as it seem'd to me,
From the sicke confines of perplexitie.
A thicke-lin'd mist continu'd 'twene them two,
(Loue wrapt in wrinkles knowes no worke to do.)
Thus Fortune makes, & thus mad Fortune marres,
Loue is still Souldier at such ciuill warres.
Sighing, lamenting, these bad broyles to be in,
That he should dye, and not his Lady see him,

An Epithalamium.

Torbinus.

When onely for her sake hee ventured thus,
(Loue sees no dangers that seeme timorous.)
Then to himselfe (I thought) hee did reply,
And said; How lucklesse and accurst am I,
Couer'd with fortunes foule dissembling fame,
To dye for her that knowes not who I am?
Oh might I dye my Ladies face before,
I would say Fortune were a noble Whore,
In her faire sight to end *Torbinus* date,
O then my death were not vnfortunate,
Then she might iustly say; here ended he,
That liu'd, and lou'd, and dy'd to honor me:
But Gods, & Seas, & Winds, contemne my plaints,
And their harsh Language trippes on Consonants:
Then thus resolu'd, succeed what ill can proue,
And if I dye, I dye for her I loue.
I left him thus, and turn'd my greedy eyes
Vpon the rocke where faire *Delpheba* lyes,
Who now in blacke appear'd to me all couer'd,
About the which sad Melancholy houer'd.
Then to *Delpheba* there (me thought) resorted,
Nymphes and Sea-gods, by their loue transported,
To comfort her that seem'd so much lamenting,
And know the sad cause of her discontenting.
Delpheba. To whom she answer'd, I haue lost a friend,
Which winged *Fame* can nere too much commend.
O would to God I could *Olimpus* raise,
And there set Trophies to his endlesse praise:
And for his death, I chose this place to mone,
„ The teares are truest that are shed alone.
A dying life weepes for a liuing death,
A tale vnseemely for a true friends breath.

And

An Epithalamium.

And as it is, it may be something better,
Fortune's a strumpet, and she is my debter,
Promising best, when she perform'd the worst:
Things that sound harshli'st, I haue had those first.
The Gods and Nymphs began to tune their throtes,
To keepe a consort with her cheerelesse notes.
In this *Diapason* deepe, sad harmonic,
Dull senses striue for sorrowes victory,
Chimes iterating on this blacke-mouth'd dinne;
I then perceiu'd *Torbinus* comming in,
Seeing *Delpheba* in such passions suited,
In mourning weeds such ill cheere prosecuted,
Attires himselfe in sorrowes for her sake,
The Counter-tennor of her part to take.
Vnto the fair'st my seruice I commend,
Tis onely thou my loue did apprehend,
All dangers past compared to this prize,
Seemes like a darke way to a Paradize.
And on all dangers what's he would not venter,
Those all being past, might to thy presence enter?
And am I happy to be comne thus neere thee?
And art thou kind? or can my comning cheere thee?
I'll weare what thou wears, what thou loues Ile keep
I'll laugh whē thou smiles, whē thou sighes Ile weep.
What most shall grieue thee, it shal most tormēt me,
What best shal please thee, that shal best contēt me.
If Natures pride bebut so kinde as faire,
All stormes are past, I do not care for Care.
I loue thee now when sad laments increase,
To haue thy loue when passions turne to peace.
Expecting Sommer when cold March is past,
I'll wait ten months to haue a May at last.

Torbinus.

An Epithalamium.

It's reape no Haruest but where thou hast sowne,
My loue in thy loue shall exceed thy owne.
And but in thee, no hope, no hap, no health,
And but in thee no will, no wish, no wealth.
For what thou mournes, I waile, thy part I take;
Now blessed be all women for thy sake.
In thee I loue, in thee I onely liue,
'Tis I that begges, and it is thou can giue.
Nor do I craue thee more then may besee me thee,
Thou art my best hap, and I most esteeme thee.
Make me a seruant at thy sacred shrine;
This life is that life, let that life be mine.
What good, what ill, what life, what all to thee,
That good, that ill, that life, that all to me.
Comforts attend thee, all good hap befriend thee,
Duties commend thee, wished power defend thee.
Make me thy seruant, smile on my request,
Delphebaes Scholler I am now profest.
At *Lunaes* full the skyes seeme in their state,
At Princes birthes the earth looks fortunate.
The one decays when in her chiefeest prime,
The other dyes when in his hopeful'st time.
My teares are falling for a friend that lou'd me,
He's dead, he's gone, & thus his death hath mou'd me
His death is liuing, and my life is dying,
My life is creeping, and his death is flying.
My losse, his gaine: his wealth my wo compriz'd,
Are two contraries strangely exerciz'd.
My plaints and teares, and sorrowes, still augmented,
Complaining, blubber'd, lasting more tormented.
Much pittie'd cheerenesse, much lamented neerenesse,
Vnharbor'd, fearelesse, vnfrequented neerenesse,
Desolate

An Epitbalamium.

Desolate, distressed, frustrate, vn-respected,
Incommittate, oppressed, complicate, neglected:
And of all these ills there is but one mother,
Pale Death, leaues our life this gift, and no other.
The earth and Mortals must submit their Powers,
To serue a VVill about this will of ours.
Of what earth can do I may iustly vaunt,
VVhat heauens will haue I must needly grant.
O death, ô death, thy spoiles I cannot mend,
Yet I'll performe the duty of a friend:
Some friends liue yet, 'tis you appeares to me
VVill be associate in my misery.
You, you, *Torbinus*, for your great desert,
Shall haue the best place in my conquer'd heart:
My loue, shall your loue pay with wisht reward,
And with *Delpheba* be in best regard:
Expecting sorrowes will be sooner past,
And ioy (though long) yet will be here at last:
The skies look cheerly, that e're-while lok't strangely,
The seas are smiling that but now were angry,
I thinke the Gods (together) haue decreed
To change our muffled melancholy weed,
And for our late lamented Funerals,
Now to erect contented Nuptials;
In pledge of loue I greeete thee with a kisse,
I owe thee more, suppose, by giuing this.
Now let me craue you to decide this thought
And be not partiall; which of these two ought
To be lamented more? her teares are sowne,
For her friends haruest that pale death hath mowne:
His teares are spent for her calamities,
That seemes a mother of sad miseries.

An Epithalamium.

Shee weepes for him that neuer can do better,
Hee weepes for her that yet is natures debter:
Then rightly scan'd if iudgement rightly do,
'Twill say her teares, no wise worke takes them too:
Whether she weepe for freind sake, or her owne,
'Tis yet a question, and it is not knowne,
If for her owne sake (I must needs be plaine)
Shee thought by his life to reape future gaine;
This wailing no man rightly can commend,
For thus she proues a very vnkind freind.
If she lament for his sake, wise men saith,
Shee shoves th'imbecillity of her faith.
And by that weakenesse it appeares to me
Shee thinkes her selfe in better case then he:
She ought not t'weepe that he hath run so fast,
But at her slow pace that must go at last.
But now (me-thinkes) *Delphebas* wondrous wise,
To make a Summer of her Winters eies:
All friendly duties are discharged duly,
Old Natures loue is paid by wisdom truly.
The Sun, and Aire, & howering Winds do mutter,
Conceiuing more ioy, then dumbe sence can vtter:
The Sea-gods whisper iump in all opinions,
To order peace through their vntil'd Dominions,
And tooke their leaue, all Tempests now are gone,
Torbinus and *Delpheba* now alone,
They ioyned hands and then (me thought) did passe
Backe to the shore where great attending was,
And being landed dangers all bereft them,
My dreame was ended and in ioy I left them.

An Epithalamium.

Ex aspectis nascitur amor.

When Lordly *Phæbus* left his *Esterne Ile*,
And with his splendor that *Titanian* smile,
Came like a Prince from th'orientall gate,
So richly futed in his robes of State.
The chearelesse earth shooke off her dewy tresses,
And from darke curtaines now her shades digresses.
I lookt about me, *Douer* was not neere mee,
That now contents me, which but then did feare me.
I then perceiu'd 'twas on the bancke of *Thames*,
That I retain'd th'inuention of my dreames:
And as the pleasant Riuer fast did glide,
With prating murmur by the *Kentish* side,
I laid me downe neere to a Willow roote,
Whose branches farre had ouer-growne the foote;
The searching Sunne not in a day obtain'd,
To see the stocke whereby she was maintain'd.
'Twas publicke knowne a fairer tree then this,
Ne're neighbour'd neere the banks of *Thamesis*.
I there repos'd vpon this dewy brimme.
And, as I thought, the Tide came stealing in.
Thames that e're while gaz'd vpon *Phæbus* prime,
Turn'd now againe to watch for his decline:
Night went, day came, all ioyes on tiptoes shiuer,
A snow white Swanne came playing vp the Riuer:
Ruffling his plumes and in such ioy did swimme,
You would haue sworne the Tide much fauor'd him.
His so faire breast dinted the furrowing *Isis*,
VWho saith he saw a worthier bird then this is?
Both *Kent* and *Essex* gather'd neere to see,
VWhere the first landing of this Swanne might bee:
Faire

An Epithalamium.

Faire *Middle-sex* pul'd downe her maske and Fan,
To see the Tide bring in this stranger Swan.
O how it ioy'd me to heare musicke greet him
In seuerall tunes, and other Swannes did meete him;
Their Princely salutations sure were such,
As *London* neuer saw of mirth so much.
Now, in the end, where this faire Swan took landing,
Let none decide but those of vnderstanding.

To *Fredericke*.
*Omnia fert
tempus.*

Quisque potest rebus succurrere, nemo diebus.
VWhen thou (great Prince) from *Rhenus* native clime
(Richer then *Tagus*, faire as *Florentine*,)
Pul'd vp thy Ensignes, clad thy ratling Sailes,
The wind, thy vyage, and the Tide preuailes,
To bring thee to our Easterne tumbling Thames,
The Ocean's message to great *Britaines* IAMES:
And may that howre in happy times to come
Be cal'd thy landing in *Elizium*:
Happy thy birth, more fortunate thy life,
Prosperous thy voyage, vertuous thy wife:
Vertue, Virginity, Honour, Natures pride,
Thou art her Husband, and Shee is thy Bride,
And consecrated shall that day be thought:
The howre and *Isis* that thee hither brought,
Shall be erected in great Fames Register,
And thy reward is prou'd a Princes Sister.
Fame cannot chuse but impe her pinion'd wing,
And in loud Musicke for thy welcome sing:
Feast thee, attend thee, and in more esteeme
Then *Cleopatra* the *Egyptian* Queene
Feasted *Marke Anthony*, nor can thou say,
Thou came in Autumne, it was rather May;
Onely crosses of lamented Funerals,

Chanc'd

An Epithalamium

Chanc't in the Frontiers of thy Nuptials.
O worthy FREDERIKE, it was Lordly done,
That thou thy selfe in person hither come.
It shewes thy minde is Noble, and indeed,
Sprung from the airie where true Eagles breed.
Eagles in Cages, are but Kings in Towers,
And but enioy the name of Princely powers.
Kings are earths Gods, and Gods liu'd not at home,
But had a mind in forraine Climes to roome.
'Tis register'd not many Ages since,
Solon of *Athens* was to choose a Prince:
Being demanded how he meant to know,
A man well worthy of a Crowne (or no)
Answer'd: If this choyce be to me assign'd,
I'll choose a Prince, and onely by the minde:
If inward Noble, I heard wise men tell,
Hee's worth a Crowne, and 'twill seeme passing wel.
By this I noted, how thou truly merits
The perfect beautie that thou now inherits,
And sure she thinkes thee a right worthy Prince,
That would thy trauels (for her sake) conuince.
If all that trauel'd might enioy like store,
The lame would run, that scarce could go before.
Who would not trauell, and to them owe duties,
VVhen each eye finds perfections in their beauties?
Liue long, great Prince, and be thy chosen prize
A faire terrestriall happy Paradize.
In time hereafter, yet remember *Thame*,
How once she welcom'd a yong Prince of *Rhene*.

*Uxor bona,
optima posses-
sio.*

To Germany.

Amicos novos parans, ne obliuiscaris veterum.

An Epithalamium.

To *Elizab.*

Virtus in se habet omnia bona.

Faire Princeffe, vertuous; what to good belongs
Thou art the mother to, Applause so throngs,
T'attend on thee, and 'mongst the rest my part,
It is thy merites makes my loue and Art,
Vprear'd on tiptoes, and yet would aspire
To giue thee what is due, and my desire,
Tels but thy name, and it is all I can,
Those do no more, that professe what I am:
Nor can, nor neede, for all remembreth
That thou art onely that *Elizabeth*,
Which forraine Ecchoes in loud notes doth ring,
To be the daughter of great *Britaines* King.
Nor is it I that labours in thy praise,
I know thy name's thy Trumpet, and can raise
It selfe to th' height of honour; why I write
To tell my duty, and this Epithite,
Is stufte full of Affection: what if poore?
The gifts are great when giuers haue no more:
And should indeed be thought our *Alexander*,
Macedo's sonne: the Easterne great Commander,
Was nam'd in Cottages by th' low'st degree;
Then of a Miller: ô good God said hee,
There's not a Miller now but knowes my name,
Meaning indeed Report addes life to Fame;
Fame's like the Sunne, and not disdaines to view
Both Courts and Cottages, neither doth rue
Of their great courtesies: marke well each seate,
And great men proud, makes them vnseemely great.
A woman silent, great by birth before,
So richly drest, Fame shapeth more and more.

Eliza.

An Epithalamium.

Eliza, England truly boasts of thee
To be the Treasurer of each *Treasurie*,
That euer grac't a woman: must we leaue thee?
Il'e now trust *Fortune*; for't did not deceiue me.
I euer thought so faire a flower as this,
Should grace some other place then *Thamesis*.
And yet faire *Princessse*, vertuous I meane,
Remember *Thames* when thou art set on *Rhene*.
How gladly thunder'd she lowd Epithets,
Professed peales, all to her Nuptiall Rites?
Did she not summon gazers to thy Reuels,
And what was knotty, with her tide she leuels?
Dis-gorged Canons fire in seuerall shapes,
Enemies suffer when true Christians scapes.
Meteors i'th aire, she did her owne selfe choake,
All *London* thought *Thames* wold dissolue to smoke,
And all the Reuels this faire Floud did make,
VVorthy *Eliza*, was but for thy sake.
VVhen thou wast married, she by chance heard tell,
And did but this because she loues thee well.
At thy depart, shee'l follow thee and weepe,
And then shee'l turne thy worthy stocke to seeke,
And finding them, shee'l leaue her sobbing moane,
Onely shee'l each day see where thou hast gone.
VVell may she boast she was of able power,
To grace faire *Rhenus* with an *English* flower.
And when these two meet in great Oceans,
Thei'l know each other by their natiue Swans.
So by this marriage, Eccho vnderstands,
'Twill make acquainted both the Seas and Lands.
A happy time, a good world may it be,
After yong *Frederike* came to match with thee.

An Epithalamium.

O noted howre, blest be the God aboue,
Thou but leaues *England* to enioy thy loue;
And for thy absence *Britaine* in amends
Hath gained great store of true Christian friends.
Liue, liue, faire Princeesse, may thy seede, thy fame,
In cinders, ashes keepe aliuie thy name.

Fælicitas est voluptas, quam penitudo nulla sequitur.

Creator per creaturas cognoscendus.

Hew, some will say when they haue lost a friend
And make his funerall, e're they see his end;
A number now are buried in conceit
When they'r (indeed) not sicke, yet teares will wait.
There is a death in absence some suppose,
Who thinks there is? for I am none of those:
Is *England* loth to loose so faire a creature
As art thy selfe *Eliza*? ô, Dame Nature
Cast thee not in her mould of best perfection,
Euer to liue a Virgin, heauens direction
Smil'd at thy birth and meant to make a mother,
That when thou dies thou may leaue such another.
Virginitie dies a Traitor, her possessions
Like traitors Earldomes make such large digressions
They leaue no Heires at all, by this I see
A Virgine cannot leaue posterity.
As thou art honour'd for a Virgins life,
Thou still shalt liue, because a happy wife.
I heard it said, the first time *Nestor* smil'd,
Was when he saw a woman great with child;
And being asked why he smil'd (and blest her,)
Said he, the next age will remember *Nestor*.

To *Elizab.*

And

An Epithalamium.

And thou faire Princeſſe in the age to come,
Shall liue by Fame when Natures life hath done:
And death hath truely paid her Fame to time
Shall build their blazons to the ſeed of thine.

Fama velox eſt, creſcit q̃ eundo.

To the Reader.

Loue, like, leaue, looke at other ripe inuentions:
And ſee how farre mine differs from the reſt:
My dull conceite conceiues ſome apprehenſions,
Theſe are indifferent, thoſe are of the beſt.
Thei's good, mine worſer, good may worſer ſmother,
The beſt appeares beſt, when 'tis by the worſt:
How can that be? yes; ſet by either other,
And that which lookes beſt men will chooſe that firſt.
Mine's poorely ſuted, yet my Patrons name's
So ſeated in the fore-head of my Verſe,
'Twill moue the Reader to beſtow ſome paines,
And iterate that which I do rehearſe:
And when thou finds my Poems barely dreſt,
Smile to thy ſelfe (and ſay) he did his beſt.

Auguſtine Taylor.

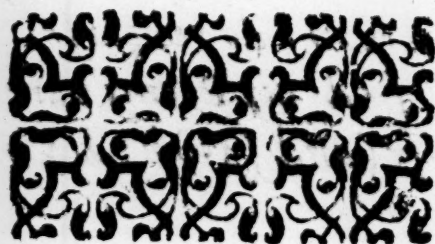
Vbi timor, ibi pudor.

Laus in prima sonat, virtus in fine coronat.

FAme's yet an Infant, Eccho's of report,
Now impes her pinions, and in scattering sort
Applauds what good's in acting, generall praise
Crownes the beginning, and the end to raise,
Vertue's about to giue a Lawrell wreath
To worthy *Frederike* and *Elizabeth*:
VWhen Time the merits of your time hath gather'd,
You shall appeare yong, when your time is wither'd.

Premia victorum pendent a fine laborum,

FINIS.



6.
1.